

Philadelphia, Dec. 17, 1858.

Dear Wife:

160 I seize a moment, before going to the Convention this morning, to report progress since I left home.

On leaving the depot at Boston, I commenced reading the "Autobiography of a Female Slave," (the volume I loaned to Mrs. Otis,) and was entirely absorbed in the perusal of it until I arrived at the depot in New York, exactly finishing the volume at that moment. I found it to be a most touching and soul-harrowing description of the unescapable horrors of slavery, surpassing any thing of the kind yet presented to the public; and my heart was as heavy as lead when I got through with it, and the world seemed to be clothed in funereal drapery. O, the blessings of personal freedom! O, the happiness of homes made sacred by love, and safe by general reverence for all parental and filial ties! To realize the blessings we enjoy, we must understand what it is to be the "property" of others.

I found Oliver waiting for me at the depot, with a fine young man named Tilton, connected with the N.Y. Independent, who is beginning to take a vital interest in radical abolitionism. Mr. Tilton took us over to his residence in Brooklyn, where we took tea, (Mrs. Johnson being with us,) and afterwards spent the evening at Mr. Judson's, in company with some thirty or forty ladies and gentlemen, (mostly members of Henry Ward Beecher's church,) including Mr. Beecher himself, his brother William, the Rev. Dr. Marsh, and some prominent Fremont men. Oliver brought with him the first volume of the Liberator, and at the request of Ward Beecher, my dedication to the Cause, in the first number, was read by Mr. Tilton, at the conclusion of which, the whole company joined in clapping their hands, and applauded enthusiastically. Then I was called out, and made an exposition of my views, religiously, politically, and governmentally, — a very interesting conversational discussion following, chiefly between Dr. Marsh, Ward Beecher, and myself. I have not time to go into particulars; but the result of the interview was mutually gratifying, Beecher behaving nobly, and all exhibiting the ut-

most respect and kindness towards me personally. At 10 o'clock, we had a most elegant entertainment served up - tea, coffee, varieties of cake, ice cream, oysters, fruits, &c. &c., in liberal profusion. It must have been quite expensive to Mr. Judson; and though I gratefully appreciated it as a personal compliment, I would have preferred the entire omission of it. Oliver thought my remarks would do more good than any public speech I had made in New York.

I slept at Mr. Tilton's, in company with Oliver.

The next morning, I went to the Anti-Slavery Office, prior to leaving for this city, but had no time to call upon Bro. George. I left the bundle for him with Oliver, and expect to see him on my way back. Our friend Bramhall met me at the office, took me down to his store, and accompanied me to Jersey city, where he and his wife now reside. He talks of changing his business, and informed me that Mrs. Bramhall was to be at our Bazaar; so we shall enjoy the pleasure of seeing her in her place on that occasion.

I forgot to state that Miss Wait was at our Brooklyn gathering.

I arrived in this city yesterday afternoon; and found Lucretia had carefully preserved my share of the dinner, in anticipation of ^{my} coming. She and Jones are as well as usual, and their house is full of guests. Their daughter, ^{Martina} has been severely afflicted with erysipelas in the head and face, but is now convalescent.

Last evening, the Fair opened, and presented a handsome appearance, though the company was not so large as last year. I was surrounded with friends, all eager to take me by the hand, and making special inquiries after you and the children - among others, Joseph A. Draydale and wife, Mary Brew, Margaret Burleigh, Mrs. Purvis, the daughters of Hannibal Cox, &c. &c. To-night I have got to speak at the Fair, as Lucy Stone has failed to be here.

Our Convention begins this morning. My time is up, and I must close by saying to the children my dearest love, and to you all that our affectionate heart comes prompt. Remember me kindly to Mary-Ann.

Ever yours, Wm Lloyd Garrison